for ſweet *Iacke Falſtalffe*, kind *Iacke Falſtalffe*, true *Iacke Falſtalffe*, valiant *Iacke Falſtalffe*, and therefore more valiant, being as hee is old *Iacke Falſtalffe*, baniſh not him thy *Harries* company, baniſh not him thy *Harries* company; baniſh plumpe *Iacke*, and baniſh all the world.

Prin. I doe, I will. *Enter Bardoll running.*

Bar. O, my Lord, my Lord, the *Sheriefe*, with a moſt monſtrous Watch is at the dore.

Fal. Out you Rogue, play out the Play: I haue much to ſay in the behalfe of that *Falſtalffe*.

Enter the Hoſteſſe.

Hoſ. O Ieſu, my Lord, my Lord!

Fal. Heigh, heigh, the Diuell rides vpon a Fiddle-ſticke, what's the matter?

Hoſ. The *Sherife* and all the Watch are at the dore, they are come to ſearch the Houſe, ſhall I let them in?

Falſ. Doeſt thou heare *Hal?* neuer call a true peece of Gold a Counterfeit, thou art eſſentially made, without ſeeming ſo.

Prin. And thou a naturall Coward, without inſtinct.

Falſ. I deny your Maior; if you will deny the *Sherife*, ſo, if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart as wel as another man, a plague on my bringing vp: I hope I ſhall as ſoone be ſtrangled with a Halter as an other.

Prin. Goe hide thee behinde the Arras, the reſt walke vp aboue. Now my Maiſters, for a true Face and good Conſcience.

Fal. Both which I haue had; but their date is out, and therefore Ile hide me.

Prin. Call in the *Sherife*.

Enter Sherife and the Carrier.

Prin. Now Maiſter *Sherife*, what is your will with me?

Sher. Firſt, pardon me, my Lord: A hue & cry hath followed certaine men vnto this houſe.

Prin. What men?

Sher. One of them is well knowne, my gracious Lord, a groſſe fatte man.

Car. As fatte as Butter.

Prin. The man, I doe aſſure you is not heere,
For I my ſelfe at this time haue imployed him:

And

And Sheriffe I will ingage my word to thee,
That I will by to morrow dinner time,
Send him to anſwere thee or any man,
For any thing he ſhall be charg'd withall,
And ſo let me intreat you leaue the houſe,

Sher. I will my Lord, there are two Gentlemen
Haue in this robbery loſt 300. markes.

Prin. It may be ſo: if he haue rob'd theſe men
He ſhall be anſwerable: and ſo farewell.

Sher. Good night my noble Lord.

Prin. I think it is good morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed my Lord, I thinke it be two a clock.

Prin. This oyly raſcall is knowne as well as Poules: go[o]
him forth.

Peto. Falſtalffe? faſt aſleepe behind the Arras, and ſnor[es]
like a horſe.

Prin. Hark, how hard he fetches breath, ſearch his poc[kets]

He ſearcheth his Pockets, and findeth certaine papers.

Prin. What haſt thou found?

Peto. Nothing but Papers my Lord,

Prin. Lets ſee what be they: reade them.

Item a Capon	ii.s.
Item ſawce	i[i]
Item, Sacke, two gallons.	v.s. v[i]
Item Anchoues and Sacke after ſupper.	ii.s.

Item bread.

O monſtrous but one halfe peniworth of bread to this i[n]
lerable deale of Sacke? what there is elſe, keepe cloſe, weele
it at more aduantage: there let him ſleep till day; ile to the c[ourt]
in the morning, We muſt all to the wars, and thy place ſha[ll]
honorable. Ile procure this fat rogue a charge of foote, a[nd]
know his death will be a match of twelue ſcore; the mony
be paide backe againe with aduantage? be with me betim[es]
the morning, and ſo good morrow *Peto.*

Peto. Good morrow, good my Lord *Ex[it]*

Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter, Lord Mortimer
Owen Glendower.

Mor. Theſe promiſes are faire, the parties ſure,